

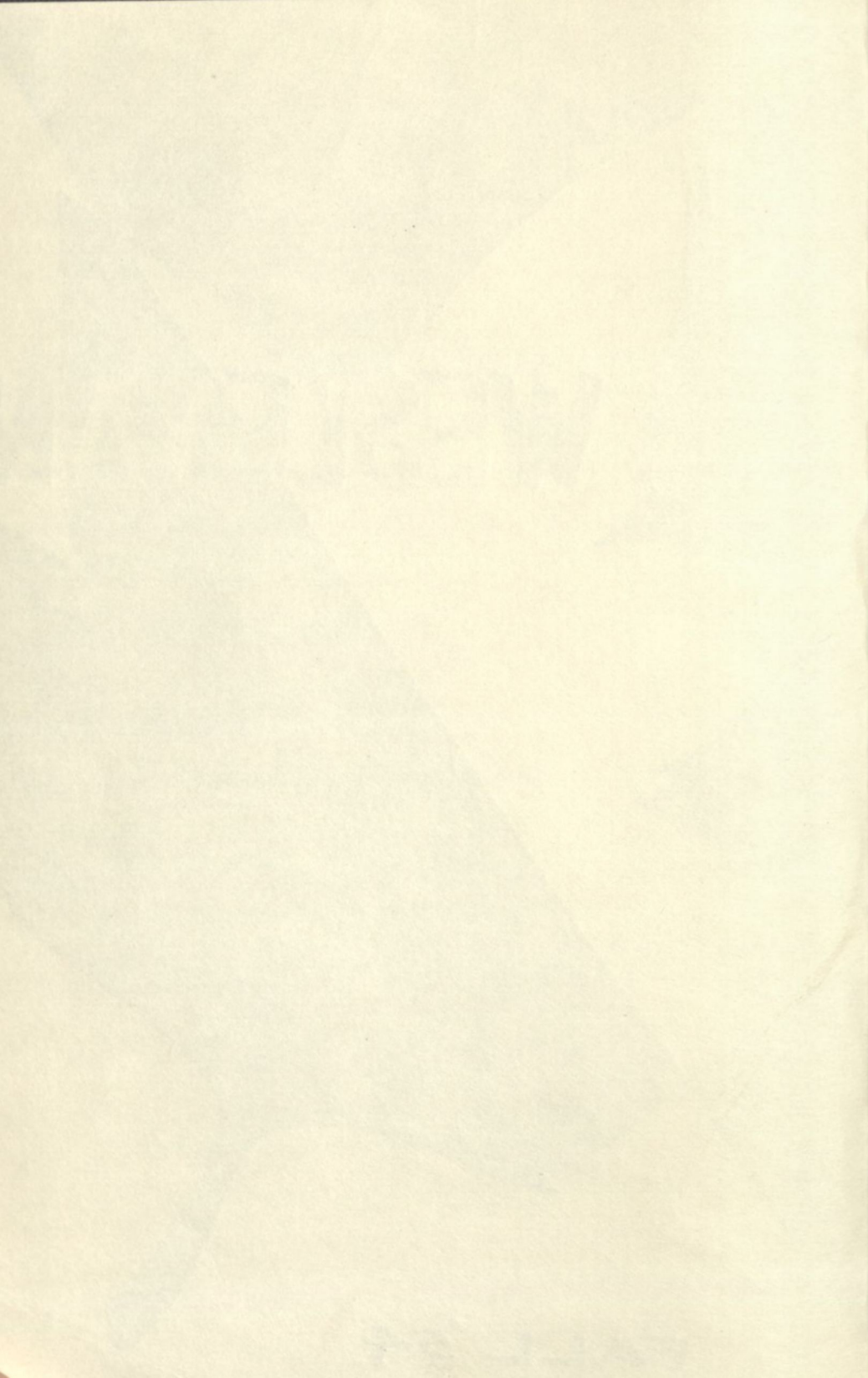
THE

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THE WESLEYAN

Volume **LXXIII**



No. 1

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

ART

Cover and Illustrations	Susan Perry
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POETRY

Ballad of Cathead Creek—Lloyd Harrison Young	3
We Dreamed—Joann Garrett	4
To Autumn Leaves—Temple Wilson	9
Wind of Beauty—Claire Dorsett	10
Go, Chase Thyself—Bettie Willson	11
Lonesome Fall—Trudy Wilson	11
I Am a Sea Gull—Bettie Willson	13
The Moth and the Flame—Charlye Wiggins	14
Quiet Confession—Lila Holliday	18
Beauty—Jean Permenter	18
Exit—Temple Wilson	19

PROSE

Beowulf—Joan Shapiro (The story of your police Thane in action)	1
Noses—Claire Dorsett (The shape of the nose is a point to consider)	5
Opus in Black—Jere House ("You are the cause of all this!")	6
How to Choose a Dog—Martha Carter (It's a dog's life.)	12
Dear Students—Katherine P. Carnes ("I wish you had all known George")	17
My Song—Sue Zoucks (I wanted to share it with the world.)	19
Personal Treasures—Trudy Wilson (A box of memories . . .)	20



Beowulf

The Story of Your Police Thane in Action

By JOAN SHAPIRO

The story you are about to read is true. The names have been changed by the years between.

It was a cold, dank night. I was trying for a peaceful evening at home when they called. I'd just slipped off my byrnie but I heaved it on with a sigh. They wanted me down at the mead-hall.

At 10:30 P.M. we went in to the offices. I was assigned a detail of fourteen men. My partner is Wiglaff. The boss is Capt. High-jack. My name is Beowulf.

The boss had gotten word of some trouble over on the East Side. Our job—investigate.

At 11:05 P.M. we arrived on the East Side. It seemed colder on this side of the water. The butler kept us waiting outside.

"Sure is cold, Beowulf."

"Yuh."

We were admitted at 11:15 P.M. We looked around.

"Some layout, Beowulf."

"Yuh."

We questioned the man who had filed the complaint. "Your name Hrothgar? Hate to break in on you this way, sir, but we think we can help."

"Yes, I'm Hrothgar. I'm c-certainly glad to see you m-men. We n-need help. It comes every night. N-no one sleeps here, now. All m-moved to h-hotels. It's deserted. I'm alone—"

"Yes, sir. We understand. Please try to be calm."

"It's a huge th-thing—great arms and-and—I'm sorry, gentlemen, I'm usually not so n-nervous. But, under the circumstances—"

"Yes, sir. We'll stay here tonight, if you like. Downstairs will be fine. You go on up and rest. We'll take care of everything."

He went upstairs, a badly shaken man.

Wiglaff turned to me when he had left. "What do you make of it, Beowulf?"

"I don't know. Probably mass hysteria. We can handle it."

"Shall I call the boys in?"

"Yuh."

We settled down to wait. 12:00 P.M.: It began to get cold. By 1:00 A.M. we were all sleepy. Some of the boys had been out late on stake-out the night before. They dozed off.

2:00 A.M.: "Do you think he'll show tonight, Beowulf?"

"Unless he's been tipped. Did you douse all the lights?"

"All out. Listen!"

I could hear it then. The laugh of a madman, the cry of a giant.

He came closer. We saw him silhouetted by the streetlight; a huge, hulking brute.

"Beo, the one who jumped Sam Que—"

"Shh! I know. Keep down."

2:05 A.M.: HE was upon us. Some of the men still slept. If they awoke now, he might be warned.

"Stay here, Wig. I'll go around to the back and get him."

He was strong, but I had the advantage of surprise. I pinned him down as Wig came closer. Suddenly, he wrenched free and was gone.

We were stunned. I held his sleeve in my hand a long time before I realized his arm was in it. He'd been wounded, and badly.

"How bad do you think it is, Beo'?"

"He won't be back. I kept my promise to Mr. Hrothgar. Let's go back to the mead-hall. Maybe High-jack heard from the coast."

It was 2:40 A.M. when we started back downtown. We got it over the radio. The mother of the creature we had just taken care of was seeking revenge. We called in to High-jack for orders. We were assigned to the swamp area, across town.

At 2:59 A.M. we started back, toward the marsh. Our headlights picked up the overturned squad-car. "Let's go, Wig."

It was her doing. I vowed I'd be the one to take care of her for good. The noise to our left startled us. "That's it, Wig."

She fled into the swamp. I followed her tracks. At her hut, she turned, and we fought.

The boys found us later. We booked her. I went home.

Trial was held in the Heorot of Hrothgar, in and for the people of Hrothgar. In your "Lit." book, the results of that trial. The dam was brought to justice.

Ballad of Cathead Creek

*Down in old Georgia, in the
heart of the South,
In McIntosh County
is the Altamaha's mouth.*

*For this region in folklore
and legends abounds
Through all of its inlets
and marshes and sounds.*

*But there is a story in
sweet simple splendor,
That tells a tale
heartbreakingly tender*

*Of a wee colored lad
living down Cathead way,
Who walked three miles
to Lower Bluff to play.*

*Like all little boys he
loved to go swimming,
Even though later it might
mean a trimming.*

*For the river was deep and
the width was great,
While swimming was joyous,
he bargained with fate.*

*This luckless lad went
under three times,
Which gives forth the story
to tell in these rhymes.*

*For the river, though cruel,
relinquished its dead,
And the tide brought the
body back home to Cathead.*

*To the very back door of
the grief-stricken home
The lifeless body returned
on the foam.*

*There was mourning and sorrow
from darkness to dawn,
But the Altamaha River
rolled silently on.*

—Lloyd Harrison Young

We Dreamed

*You are beyond reality . . .
We had our dream.
God let you become reality to me . . .
For a time.
Our fingertips touch . . .
Linger . . .
Try to speak the unspoken.
The only reality is a train . . .
The only reality is a thing which takes you beyond reality.
We had our dream.
We dreamed gardenias and glorious excitement . . .
We dreamed stars
And sun,
Hot sand
And cooling sea spray.
We dreamed neon lights on rainy nights,
Laughter that laughed happiness
And laughter that laughed silent tears.
We dreamed little dreams aloud . . .
And silently I dreamed big dreams.
The little dreams came true . . .
If heaven on earth be true.
We dreamed . . .
But you are beyond reality.*

—Joann Garrett

Noses

By CLAIRE DORSETT

The first thing you notice about a person is usually his eyes, but what is that protuberance between the eyes! Yes, it's a nose. No matter how beautiful a person's eyes are, they're never quite as beautiful if an enormous or crooked nose separates the "peepers". Ah, you can't overlook it—a nose can make or break a beautiful face, but there are some of us that don't have to worry—no face.

The shape of the nose is another point to consider. First, there's a pug nose or sometimes called the "up-turned" nose. It gives the impression that the person is making a vain effort to smell or that he was dropped on his face when he was a baby. Second, there is the long nose. A long nose usually belongs to the person who tries to keep his nose in other people's business, and perhaps got it stretched in the process. Then again a long nose might be a very distinguishing characteristic. Third, there is the big he-man athlete who has usually had his nose broken once or twice in some sport. Strangely enough this crooked mass between the athlete's eyes usually attracts the women. Fourth, there are a few people who have normal noses. They are the ones who usually catch this crack: "O my dear, you have a Roman nose. It roams all over your face." You can't escape! Everyone falls into one of these categories all because of a little bridge between their eyes that might have been stepped on.

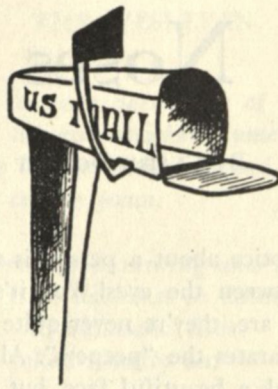
However, there have been some very famous people who have long noses. For instance let's look at Cyranose de Bergerac. He was quite aware of his big nose, but he explained it in this manner:

"Magnificent my nose! . . . You pug, you knob, you buttonhead, know that I glory in this nose of mine, for a great nose indicates a great man—" Poor Cyranose, he must have been embarrassed.

Another famous character is Pinocchionose. He told lies and it made his nose grow very long. What would happen to people today if their noses grew a few inches everytime they told a lie? Oh, the shame of it all!

Then there is the famous stage and screen star, Jimmy Durante. I have no explanation for him except that he must gotten his nose caught in a piano.

Well, this is my story of noses. I guess you just can't overlook it. A nose is a nose is a nose is a nose!



Opus In Black

By JERE HOUSE

For so many years he had done this—doggedly delivered mail to the grimy Negro shanties and the luxurious country homes of the wealthy.

Gene stood on the dusty red road glaring at the deflated tire, and it seemed to smirk at him. He forced his tired body to move toward the back of the dirty car. He opened the trunk. As he took the well-worn jack from behind the treadless spare tire, he wondered how many times he had done this, too. For what? And then he remembered his daughter at the fine girls' school in the city. He slowly raised the car from the ground with the jack.

As he stooped to remove the lugs from the wheel, his arthritic back reminded him again of how tired and sick he was. Once more a vivid picture of the daughter of whom he was so proud loomed before. He finished the job, and threw the now-shiny jack back into the pile of dust in the trunk.

Driving down this particular stretch of red clay reminded him of the day that he and Polly had gotten stuck in the mud here, and had been forced to wait for hours for a tractor to come to pull them out. Without smiling, he recalled how frightened Polly had been, and how she had tried to cheer him up—she'd even read the "red funnies" from the Saturday paper to him. He guessed that must have been five years ago now. He fleetingly wondered what she did on Saturdays now.

"The flag's up." This time he even smiled as Polly's words came back to him—that's what she'd always say as they approached a mailbox with the little red flag pointing upwards, denoting that there was outgoing mail to be attended to there. He transacted the business at this mailbox, and drove away, mechanically.

He'd always told her that she helped him in delivering the mail, but he was sure that Polly had never realized how much comfort she had afforded.

As he moved away from the last mailbox of the day, and entered the main highway back toward town, he was surprised at his relaxation and pleasant reminiscing—funny he'd never done it before.

Leisurely, his whole life passed in panoramic form across his mind. His early childhood on a farm, within a family of ten children and a father—he had been the mother. Unconsciously, Gene looked at his big hands, and recalled the infinite number of cuts and bruises that had been there, now healed and gone—big hands, once powerful, now weak and old.

He had come in off the farm and gone to the First World War. That had always been a joke to him—an almost illiterate country boy being shipped off to France to fight. Anyway, he had learned that there was a Paris, and gaudy French women. What was that joke his captain had told him? Oh, well, jokes didn't matter any more—he was old and miserable. He had given his very existence to Polly. Cars whizzed by Gene's as he drove slowly, in deep concentration.

His huge, gnarled fingers tightened on the steering wheel as he thought of Cynthia, Polly's real mother, as she had been the day Polly was born—lying there on the operating table in deadly pain, and saying, "Yes, let the baby live, anyway—Gene will love her, too." Maybe he had expected too much of Polly: to him she was Cynthia and all the things he had expected Cynthia to become. He had been a mother and father to Polly for so long, and unconsciously, Polly had been trying to be her mother's memory to him.

He could never forget the horror in Polly's eyes as he, in a fit of uncontrollable temper, had screamed at her that her mother had given her very life so that she, Polly, might live. How could he have done that? Maybe Polly had forgotten, but somehow he was sure that she had not. Gene speeded up a little, still not paying too much attention to the rapidly moving traffic surrounding him.

As a car zoomed past, Gene swerved a little to the right indignantly. A frown came over his face—the wreck! He wished with all his heart that he didn't still hold that against Polly—it hadn't really been her fault.

Four girls in a car out riding—there was nothing unusual about that. But on that fateful afternoon of March 1, 1945 (over three years ago!) Polly had lost control of the automobile and had run into an embankment on a winding sandy road—she had turned over three times. He remembered his little Polly as she lay in the ambulance on the way to the hospital, and how she had begged, "Don't let them do anything until I'm asleep." The injected drug had carried her immediately into a welcome oblivion, letting her forget the pain in her shattered arm and the picture of her best friend lying in the white sand with a torn skirt and a twisted neck. He choked a little, and lowered his foot instinctively on the accelerator.

Now, the whole picture came before him. "Polly would be all right," but Gene had been horrified at himself as he forgot his own daughter's wel-

fare to hate her for doing this to him—a car completely demolished, one girl killed, and two others slightly injured.

The State Patrolmen came to the hospital that night, quite sympathetically inquiring about Polly's condition—and asking about the validity of her driver's license.

Polly had awakened only once during the long night, and as he and Carol had sat in the dark room, their daughter's voice came for the first time since the plea in the ambulance: "Daddy, was the car insured?" He was sure then that Polly did not know Janet was dead. How could he have known what this suffering child held in her heart?

Carol—the "stepmother" who was so understanding, a "middleman" between Gene and Polly for almost ten years now. Gene had clutched her hand and wondered what she was thinking. If he had only known—maybe she could have helped him then, while there was still time. Gene wondered again, as he sped down the bright highway on this sunny afternoon, exactly what Carol must have thought of him that dark night in the hospital.

Polly had awakened early the next morning, and had tried to be gay, so Carol had told him later. So often he had tried to understand Polly's side of the story, and just as often he had failed. She had ruined him in the sight of everyone, and he could never forgive her for that. Strange, this front of pride in Polly that he had put before everyone else.

Gene snatched the wheel of his car to pass a tourist. He was now driving rather fast—he must forget all this—no, he'd better think about it now, and try once again to understand.

Thoughts of March 7 came into his mind—the Sunday after the fateful Friday. Polly had come home late that afternoon, because Janet's funeral had been at 2 o'clock and Carol had made it a point to keep Polly in the hospital until the streets were quiet once more. He had not known that Polly already knew that Janet was dead—he had just hoped that it was all a horrible nightmare, and that Janet would miraculously live again. Polly had known before she had gone to the hospital—the sand in her eyes had come too late.

For months, Polly had been depressed—almost hysterical at times, and Gene had been torn between his overwhelming love and pity for her, and the nagging resentment which grew bigger and bigger in his heart. Polly's sobs enraged him sometimes. She had nothing to cry about—it was he who had to bear the burdens of this thing. Gene passed a local farmer and threw up his hand nonchalantly.

He admitted begrudgingly to himself that Polly had adapted to the situation remarkably—hadn't she gone to school the following Monday and faced the inquisitive eyes of schoolmates, and the pained countenances of Janet's relatives? Polly must *some* courage, but still . . .

Gene's thoughts followed through the summer months—Polly wanting to be herself again, but reluctantly denying herself any fun because when

she was happy, she felt disloyal to Janet's memory—even Gene had realized that.

Somehow the months had passed—school started and everything had painfully worked together. Then November 12. Carol had told Polly that Janet's parents were suing Gene for \$50,000. He remembered how hurt he had been when Polly had gone off to school that morning, still in a stricken daze, without mentioning the law suit to him.

Maybe that was one basic reason for what he had said to Polly the next day. He had never before in his life seen any person weep as deeply, as if the very linings of the stomach were contracting with each breath. He had yelled at Polly again—the words hurt him now: "You are the cause of all this! Everybody in this town hates me, and you did it to me!" Polly had listened, and when Gene had finished, she had dragged herself to her room and cried until exhaustion came, and brought with it sleep.

The routine of obtaining lawyers, preparing a case, and questioning Polly to be sure that all the facts tabulated—how he hated Polly then! Why didn't she cry now, in front of somebody, instead of sitting there answering questions sensibly? Had she ever said she was sorry? He couldn't remember—anyway, he would never forgive her for this—how could he? An armor of pride! He winced, and hastened on.

The trial lasted two days, and for the first time since the legal proceedings had begun, he pitied Polly. The Wilson's lawyers presented the whole tragedy as a melodrama, even to the point of describing the deceased child as a "little angel, looking down on us right here today—hoping her mother and daddy can be given some money to help out. . ."

Gene had watched Polly on the witness stand, answering questions quickly and directly—and for the first time in six months, she was "his little soldier."

As Gene turned the last corner toward town, he recalled the \$9,000 that the Wilson's had been granted—and Polly had been so wonderful.

As Gene drove up behind the post office, he wiped a lone tear from his cheek and swallowed hard.

"I wonder if Polly's still comin' home this weekend?"

He slammed the car door gently.

To Autumn Leaves

By TEMPLE WILSON

*Golden leaves, auburn leaves,
Against a sky of blue
Do not linger, do not dally,
Time has come for you.
For when the wind is sweeping strong,
You free your stems and dash along.
Leave your castles way up high,
Autumn is your time to die.*

Wind of Beauty

*Cyrano spoke these immortal lines,
Words from Rostand's own soul.
He spoke of love, the burning light,
That made his life alive and whole.*

*"Yes, that is love—that wind,
Of terrible and jealous beauty,
Blowing over me—
That dark fire, that music."*

*Oh, let every man feel but once,
In his most sweet unreasonable dream,
His soul breathe in the darkness,
Beautiful words of love supreme.*

*Oh, many hours man has passed,
Striving to put his soul in rhyme.
Playing games with words, that finally—
Are clothed by flight of time.*

*Speak man! Speak!
Or your lady shall never know.
Tell her of your loves and joys,
Together your souls must grow.*

*Let one thought be a veil,
Covering both of you in the night.
Pour into the world through your eyes,
Devotion ne'er before man's sight.*

*Across the shores of life,
Break waves of eternal time.
Leaving in their wake,
Sands of happiness sublime.*

*So let your heart speak for you,
Let not that moment pass by.
When pixie flame of love's fire,
Through a lover's heart doth fly.*

—Claire Dorsett

Go—Chase Thyself

I'm sorry, darling, if I so bitter be

*But, I know thee—and thou art prone to flee
From one small dew-drenched posy to another,
Until thou find'st thy fill on love,—or other
Guarded treasure.*

So, sweet, forgive my pessimism.

*Remember that I loved you well, one day
When I was young—and blind with optimism.
That's over now. All things decay—
In Time.*

*Give my heart again? Nay! Not to thee!
I've been burned once, and will not risk again the agony
Of that slow-healing wound..*

*Go find some other rose—without her thorns—
Without her bitter, brooding, biting tongue.*

*And, if thou choose, remember this, my dove,
I like thee much too much to be thy love.*

—Bettie Willson

Lonesome Fall

*Summertime—and the sun gleamed and shimmered, pushed into unknown
crevices.*

Summertime—and the crowds surged toward the sea with great expectancy.

*Summertime—and the cool nights brought welcome relief from the heat of
daytime.*

*Summertime—and Creation was green and colorful amidst the blue of
heaven.*

Summertime—and new were born.

Summertime—and shoes were cast aside.

Summertime—and school was out and children were free.

Summertime—and the slow, droning noises of day died at twilight.

Summertime—and we were apart . . . together

—Trudy Wilson

How To Choose A Dog

MARTHA CARTER

I relate the following in hopes that choosing a dog will be made easier for posterity.

1. *Acquire the money.* "You have won one-hundred dollars and a year's supply of Gaines Dog Meal for writing in twenty-five words why you want a dog," the letter announced. I had approximately eighty different visions of what I'd do with all that money when the next sentence captured my eye. "This money must be used in the purchase of a pure-bred pup."

2. *Survey the situation and study the field.* We surveyed the situation. There are two hundred and twenty-five breeds of dogs. Out of this astronomical number we could choose only one. To master this situation, we began by (a) becoming avid encyclopedia perusers, (b) subscribing to "Dog World", (c) looking cautiously at every flea-bitten, mangy hound that happened by for signs of beauty, intellect, and desirability, and (d) searching feverishly through the want-ads for dogs for sale.

3. *Form a preference.* I formed an early preference. My young heart was set on a Saint Bernard. The pups are such fuzzy, cute, little animals and I thought that the keg on his neck would add so much local color. Daddy vetoed this. "Saint Bernards eat," he said sagely.

4. *Make field trips.* We began visiting kennels at this point. We gazed at acres and acres of Pomeranians, Boxers, Dalmatians, Great Danes, Cocker Spaniels, and Wire-haired Terriers in that order. It was about this time that my mama observed that most dogs bear a definite resemblance to their owners. "No English Bull Dogs for us," she asserted.

5. *Read about the subject.* It was on January the fifteenth, nineteen-forty-nine, when the magazine began coming. There was first, "The Collie Review," "Pet Care," "The Highland Sheep Dog Journal," and then came the books, "The Complete Collie, Your Best Friend, and Lassie Come Home.

6. *Ask others their preference and ideas.* Daddy's preferences became obvious. The collie literature was too predominant. Mama was in love with Scotties. (I suppose that this stemmed from a visit to Happy Time Kennels where she beheld two of the blackest, warm-hearted pups known to man, named Inky and Dinky. As my father pointed out, it would've been such a tragedy to separate them.) I wanted my Saint Bernard.

7. *Prepare.* The kennels were built. They were an elaborate net-work of pens, cages, and little houses that completely enveloped our tiny backyard. While Daddy fervently nailed, dug post holes, painted, and sawed,

Mama had great visions of a baby Scotty lost in that labyrinth of wire and post. I thought it would be perfect for my Saint Bernard.

Then the dog food came—all of it. We stored it in the dog house, on the back porch, and in my closet (after all, reasoned my father, it was my dog). Happily, this problem was solved later when we discovered that dogs just don't like free dog food.

8. *Come to an agreement and purchase.* There was nothing else to do. We must come to an agreement. Daddy wanted his Collie, Mama wanted her Scotty and all I could visualize was a great big, fuzzy Saint Bernard. Daddy stated that he knew what was best for his family, and two days later, Bell Haven Queen Constance arrived. We named our Collie Connie.

I later learned that my father had considerably over-shot the one-hundred dollar mark and had to furnish a family pedigree besides. Mother was crushed. The following week Jinx arrived. (I won't try to explain how she got her name. I'll only hint that it deals with a mishap on a restaurant floor.) She was an adorable Scotty, all black, cuddly, and most warm-hearted. (She mishapped everytime anyone smiled at her.)

9. *Stand your ground.* I still want my Saint Bernard.

I Am a Sea Gull

By BETTIE WILLSON

*I built my castles in the sand,
And hear the ocean's roar;
I felt the sun upon my face,
And watched a sea gull soar
High up above the foam-kissed earth—
Climbing toward the sun.
I set my mind to climb that high.
My flight had just begun.*

*But, in the night, the black sea came
To tear my castles down.
I heard its surging in my sleep,
And feared the gull had drowned.
Cold morning came—the sky was clear,
I heard the ocean's sighs.
My sea gull lay upon the sand
With clear, unseeing eyes.*

The Moth and the Flame

*Flicker golden candle flame—
 With molten tongues of liquid fire
 Burn upon your candle stick
 Making shadows on the wall,
 Charring black your tiny wick—
 while*

*Dancing shadows in the hall
 Rise grotesquely, burst, and fall.*

*Lazy moth so sleeping-still
 Watches you with eyes ablaze,
 Wonder-watches as you dance.
 Lure him to your flame-lit maze—
 Fill his heart with one desire
 while*

*Dancing shadows in the hall
 Rise grotesquely, burst, and fall.*

*Flicker, flicker candle flame—
 Dance your savage dance of light;
 Firebrand of licking flames,
 Reach far out for living hearts
 To burn and char to ashes black
 while*

*Dancing shadows in the hall
 Rise grotesquely, burst, and fall.*

*Lights he on the table bare
 Closer to your living flame.
 Faster, faster flickering fair,
 Twisting, licking tongues of flame
 Lure him yet into your hold
 while*

*Dancing shadows in the hall
 Rise grotesquely, burst and fall.*

*Rises he to meet the call
 Of savage dance of molten fire;
 Flies he round and up and down
 His being filled with one desire—*

*To dance with you your savage step
while*

*Dancing shadows in the hall
Rise grotesquely, burst, and fall.*

*Faster, faster lick and burn,
Twisting, bowing as you turn;
Flies he faster with each beat
Of pulsing, rushing heart aflame
Caught within your golden web
while*

*Dancing shadows in the hall
Rise grotesquely, burst, and fall.*

*Closer, closer to your grasp,
Blinded by your wavering light
Flies he, knowing not his plight
As molten tongues dart out to hold,
To drag him in your flaming folds
while*

*Dancing shadows in the hall
Rise grotesquely, burst, and fall.
Crazed moth aglow with flame
Twisting, burning in your grasp,
Lighting more the shadowed room,
Topples from his dancing doom
And turns to ashes mid the gloom
while*

*Dancing shadows in the hall
Rise grotesquely, burst—and*

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—Charlye Wiggins

Dear Students

By MISS KATHERINE P. CARNES

Dear Students,

You have asked me to write a letter for the Wesleyan and have given me my choice of subject. I will take this opportunity of introducing you to one who served the college many years and whom I consider irreplaceable. In the Saturday Review for October 16, 1954, John Mason Brown, writing of the late Professor George Pierce Baker of Harvard says, "We are always being told that there is no such thing as an indispensable man. . . Indispensable in the final sense they may not be, but irreplaceable they are."

The irreplaceable man whom I present to you is no professor but our old library janitor, George Middleton, who retired in October 1953. It was the doctor's warnings about the "high blood" that brought us to the parting of the way. When he left the library he selected a capable and trustworthy successor and taught him all he knew. His work is being carried on but it will never be replaced.

Many of the older students remember George, I am sure. He was a tall mulatto, with the features of an Arab chief. The day that he began work at Wesleyan marked the first day of his life as a servant. Prior to that time he had worked on his own farm. He served us faithfully for twenty-four years but his service was a sort of gracious gesture, the courtly lowering of himself with which Sir Walter Raleigh spread his cloak in the mud. Such gracious service imposed limitations upon us and what might have been orders in another relationship became polite requests in our own. Corrections were few and far between and reprimands practically non-existent.

There were things about us that he would have changed if he could. He had great faith and it went hard with him when those about him hurried or worried. He regarded hurrying as a waste of energy and went about his tasks with easy rhythmic motions that ate up the work which wore out younger men. Worrying annoyed him always and he set himself to combat my own besetting sin. "Don't fret yourself" he would say to me. He often talked to me of the need for keeping the mind "pacified." Without the pacified mind one runs the danger of some day becoming "franky minded."

George never let anybody patronize him. A few years ago when we had to pass the literacy test for voting, Miss Lamon and I told George he had better read the Constitution before he went down to register. He read it with ease but we could see that he was a little nervous as he set out for the court house. He came back all aglow. "That young man at the court house was fine. He must be an onmarried man because he asked me so many questions about these girls out here. He says to me, 'George, how about swapping jobs with me?' but I told him, 'Before I consent to that arrangement I'll have to get you out to the college and inspect and learn you and see if you'll give satisfaction.'"

After our 1936 Centennial Celebration George went with me to return

to college for
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a portrait of one of Wesleyan's founders which we had borrowed from a prominent Macon lady. When we got there she told him to take the ladder and replace the portrait over her sideboard. Half-way up the ladder George paused with "Pardon me, please, I wonder how would you like to try it over there." Before her astonished eyes he moved ladder and portrait across the room and hung Wesleyan's founder above the mantle. The founder's descendant studied the effect for a moment and said "My goodness! It looks better than it ever looked before." In an aside to me, she murmured, "Do you suppose there's anything else in my house he wants to improve?" On the ride home George was merry. "I knowed the minute I seed it that was the place for that old gentleman."

A mistake on my part furnished him with chuckles for weeks. We had a little nail where we hung notes for him. One night I mixed my notes and left the cataloger a memorandum which read, "Please tell Mr. Redmond to fix the downstairs door that bangs." On George's nail I hung one which said "Author card missing for *Tale of Two Cities*. Please make duplicate." When George came in with the mail he was twinkling like a Christmas tree. "You know what I said when I seed that note. I said 'Well, I have progressed considerable since I been working in this here library but I still ain't able to do what she done wrote down here this time.'" It was weeks before I lived this down.

On Monday morning some magazines were late and we needed them. "George," I said, "go ask Miss A. for the magazines she took out Saturday night. This is the third time we've had to send for her magazines. If this keeps up we'll just have to stop letting her have them." In a few minutes he was back, magazines in hand. "Mrs. A. was sho sorry and she said to me 'Lawd, George, if I don't stop forgetting these here magazines Miss Carnes ain't never going to let me have no more.'" Oh, dusky, diplomat, where will I ever find your like again? Others can polish tables and floors to the shining finish that you loved so well but who will ever again try to polish me? Who will remind me when I forget that in my job I must always be "pleased to oblige?"

One day, years ago, our assistant librarian resigned and left us. At Christmas time George laid a large envelope on my desk. "I already wrote what I had to say inside." Then he added kindly, "You can read it if you want to." I wanted to very much and I read it before "backing" it with the address. Part of what he wrote remains intact in my memory. "Dear Miss Lowe," he said, "when I returned from my vacation I was sorry to find that your presence was absent."

Now that his own "presence is absent", something is gone from my life, something irreplaceable that makes me call after him when he leaves after a hurried visit, "George, please hurry back. The library isn't like itself without you."

I wish you had all known George.

With love,
Katherine P. Carnes

Quiet Confession

*It stood high on that hill,
Where life is always quiet and still.
Around it's foot the pine needles spread
Making a soft, carpet-like bed.
High above the clear, blue sky,
And around great pines reaching high.*

*Walking in the woods one day, I saw it there.
Patiently waiting, rising, majestic into the air.
I walked forward in spellbound wonderment.
It had been there while all my life I spent.*

*Within me my soul seemed to rise,
And flood of tears filled my eyes.
I fell to my knees, and my head came to rest
On the foot of His Cross,
Where my sins I confessed.*

*The pine trees know how long I was there,
Mixing sorrowful tears with desperate prayer.
Then my tears were suddenly dried,
I felt cleansed and pure once more inside.
I arose, as though from death to life—
No longer sin and worry's wife.*

*I looked above me at that tow'ring cross,
And became a soul no longer lost,
Turning, I slowly walked away,
But I shall always be thankful for that day,
When I learned what is meant by man
When he says—you must be reborn to reach God's Land.*

—Lila Holliday

Beauty

*Beauty—
Born of toil and heartache,
Born of love and devotion.
Nurtured by Mother Nature
And fed by gentle rains.*

*Beauty—
Found in the splendor of ivy-covered buildings
Found in the whispering of stately pines.
In the laughter of happy people
And the tones of pealing bells.*

—Jean Permenter

My Song

By SUE ZOUCKS

I had a song to sing; but the world would not hear my song! I thought the tune was beautiful for I had labored with it in my aloneness until I heard it reach perfection. I listened to others' songs and imitated their style in my own singing. I read beautiful words in books and made them my lyrics. My song was a great culmination of time spent in absorbing and copying.

But the world was not ready to hear my song. When I opened my mouth to sing in the presence of others, the sound remained in my mind. No one would listen to me after they heard my first few perfect notes. The notes were hollow, but was not that resonance? I did not give up. I kept watching and grasping, trying to make my song exactly like others'. For I wanted to share with the world this song I had to sing.

Why would they not hear me? I began to fret and worry. And gradually I began to lose the tune of my song. I became confused as to what my lyrics meant. So I retreated again into my aloneness to study my song. I must practice to make it like other songs. I wanted my voice to be like other voices.

As I worked in my separateness I suddenly began to hear other voices for what they were—not merely patterns, for they could not be copied. They were creative and fine. They were original and individual. My synthetic music had no place among them. I abandoned my song which had once meant so much to me. Now, I heard only the voices of others—no longer my own. I listened, I admired, I envied.

And then one day, there came crashing into my consciousness like the thundering music of the storm, the realization of the rainbow answer to my unrest and misery. Through HARMONY I sang my song. And the world listened and was quiet. And the world heard and praised. For no longer did I sing a solo of imitation. No longer was I striving to be heard above and alone. My voice had found its music again; the music of love and unity—by losing itself in the chorus of life.

Exit

By TEMPLE WILSON

Fingers

Reach, plunge into

The cookie jar . . . grasp far a

down . . . slip, crash, shatter . . . exit on

Tiptoe!



Personal Treasures

By TRUDY WILSON

She stumbled off the Celestial Express bearing an oddly shaped box. After the red-capped angel had loaded her baggage into a taxi-cab he gave the driver detailed instructions on how to reach the newly built peppermint house assigned to her. She wearily pulled herself into the cab and rode home—tired from her trip, but guarding her box with tender care.

When she had rested some, she set about ironing the red and white checked curtains, sweeping the golden cobwebs from the corners, and watering the potted pansies with liquid sunshine. In general, making her peppermint palace more like a heavenly home.

Once on an especially hot and humid Juvember afternoon she decided to take a walk to the Limeade Lake to cool herself. Upon leaving the Pearl Portals, she was given a chocolate covered pass which entitled her to a free drink from the Lake.

When she arrived, she found she was alone, much to her sorrow. The afternoon wore on, and she began to wish for something with which to amuse herself.

Suddenly within her being she felt the burning desire to share with someone. Rushing home, she seized the cedar box and ran to the secretary angel of the Supreme Soul. The Lord could give her an appointment now. She was ushered in, and, at His request, climbed upon His footstool and lifted the lid from off her treasured box.

The first of her earthly treasures was the feel of clean, powdered, dry diapers when pinned in place by the loving hands of a mother.

There was the day she learned to crawl.

There was the memory of the first school day—the stain on her hair from the traditional pigtail in the ink.

There, too, was the memory of summertime with its smells of rich earth. With summer were associated the warmth of sunshine, and the freedom of feet without shoes. Summertime also meant the beach, and the feel of salt water running over naked toes.

And then there was the time she had pushed a kitten into a creek and watched it struggle until the bubbles of life had stopped and its black wet, little body had come floating to the top of the water, and she was sorry she had drowned the kitten. She had run home and cried bitterly, but she had learned what death was.

Next she carefully brought out her first kiss. It had happened by a lakeside. The spring glowers made patchwork designs on the quilt of the earth. Birds sang. It was a pretty day. And then—Billy had taken her hand, and softly, sweetly kissed her rosy lips. That day was perfect.

The next thing was her high school diploma which had proved to be a key to college with its fraternity parties, dances, secrets between room-mates, and finally—the cap and gown.

And then came the most cherished memory of all. The pearl white of her Chantilly lace wedding veil was matched only by a cloud of lamb's wool from heaven. It had been a candlelight service. The sweet smell of lilies mingled with the strain of organ music to form a silver spiderweb of memory. How Billy's eyes had shone in the dim light as he held her hand and repeated the Holy Vows.

The next treasure was a piece of pain when the first-born came into the world. It was called pain, but to her it was pleasure because she had created. There, too, in the box was the Phi Beta Kappa key this same pink parcel had brought home from college. And there beside it, almost crowding the key off its blue velvet pillow, was the pride she had known in her bosom.

There was wilted, crushed carnation—taken from a wreath at Billy's funeral. The black coach of sorrow had taken him early, but life and love had been complete while he was with her.

The last treasure was a single, white tooth from the mouth of the first grandson. How proud they had been!

God's gleaming gown rustled as he leaned down to take up the box and place it in His lap. There was a dew drop in His eye as He blessed the personal treasures which go to make up Paradise. And all heaven was bright with the radiance of life and of sharing.

